

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET.
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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.All communications should be addressed to
KINNEY, NICHOLS & CO.,
Springfield, Ohio.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 9.

Yes, Hoadly's message was too long by about a yard. Omit that yard.

The Enquirer yesterday had booms for both Kennedy and Nash as Republican candidates for governor. The Enquirer is a Greek bringing gifts.

The indications are favorable for the passage of the Reagan interstate-commerce bill through the house. But indications on any kind of railroad bill are mighty uncertain bases of prophecy.

Chief Justice Waite has been over-worked, and must take a rest. Do not overwork him in the newspapers. He will come up smiling to his work, if let alone with a short vacation.

Another war for the rights of a county seat in Dakota. Perhaps it is as well that Dakota was not admitted into the Union. It would have taken the whole U. S. army to keep the peace among her county seats.

The Springer committee do not yet appear to have detected a single Democrat in Cincinnati who was deprived of his vote or hindered in the act of voting (one time) anywhere by Lot Wright's deputy marshals.

Follett will contest for Butterworth's seat, because, as he says with charming inconsequence, the "election was and is wholly null and void." If the election was so "wholly null and void," how, then, was Follett elected?

The house committee has rejected the bill for the suspension of silver coinage; and so the shining cartwheels will continue to roll out of the mints into the treasury at the same old rate of two million a month for at least another year.

The rush of the nations into Congo is phenomenal. Africa has all at once become the focus of the converging activities of the European world. Its development is going to make an immediate great change in the movements and migrations of peoples.

The committee on foreign relations have reported to the senate in favor of the ratification of the Nicaraguan treaty. It is believed that this treaty stands a better chance of getting through than any of the others, and that none of the others stand any chance at all.

What an astounding portion of the time of our courts is taken up in hearing the miserable complaints of those who have taken each other for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till death do them part. The alarming increase of divorce in these modern times is a reproach to our civilization.

George Augustus Sala, the admirable newspaper man of London and the world, is going to relieve us of some of our shekels and give us value for them this winter. His first lecture was given in Boston Wednesday night, where he was introduced to his audience by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This, from New-York authority, is about the correct diagnosis of the disease of hard times, as the symptoms are now:

The advance of about ten cents per bushel in wheat in the last two weeks, with the still advancing tendency of the foreign grain markets, makes the prospect of an increased movement of grain, which means not only increased railroad earnings but an improvement of trade generally.

If Cleveland will keep up this brief style of state paper, he will be understood to be a new man, and will be entitled to the gratitude of the over-read American people:

ALBANY, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, January 5, 1885.
TO THE LEGISLATURE: I hereby resign the office of Governor of the State of New York.
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The year of Beecher's trial for practicing his doctrine of the seventh commandment, the pews of Plymouth rented for \$68,297. This was in 1875. They have steadily decreased in rental receipts every year since. The annual auction came off last Tuesday evening and netted \$27,256, against \$34,839 last year. Beecher is gradually outliving his usefulness in money value.

General Grant's refusal to accept assistance from personal friends and admirers in his financial trouble is a surprise to the country. And the country will neither sympathize with nor appreciate that style of fastidiousness in him. But, if he will have neither pension nor private assistance, then let the United States, whose admiration and gratitude he has earned by services so invaluable, ask him what he will accept, and grant it to him as his due without delay. If he wants to be supernumerary General, make him such, though the constitution should have to be split in two to get him in.

The London Times in 1803 had 1,000 subscribers. It is now valued at \$25,000,000.

What is this that the Commercial Gazette seems to be slandering at us about 'Hodges'? We have said nothing about 'Hodges' or his 'Voice'. But, that 'the legislature would be an opening for stalwart service' is precisely what we did say. Go to. The C. G. seems to have been taking lessons of Roscoe in his Latin.

The two Irish Redeemtorists (Catholic missionaries) who were assailed at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, by Orangemen, triumphed in their measures for propagating the faith there by 'claiming the protection of the stars and stripes'; and, they report, 'we completed our mission at the point of the bayonet and at the muzzle of Gallic guns.' This is a vigorous style of church militancy.

Was not the Scott law a law binding upon everybody, and in full force until decided unconstitutional by the supreme court? If so, were not the taxes collected in pursuance of that law legally collected?—Commercial Gazette.

This is a question aimed at Hoadly. Lawyer Hoadly will have no hesitation in replying that a law which is unconstitutional was unconstitutional when it was enacted, and never was law at all; or, as the legal lingo has it, it is void *ab initio*.

Here is testimony from the Sandusky Register that may be contemplated along with that which we have given:

The Springfield Globe-Republic says that the colored people of that city are well nigh unanimous in their opposition to Forsaker for governor. There is not much doubt as to the opposition of the colored voters of the state to Judge Forsaker, and whether right or wrong, their views should be considered by the state convention. We have twenty-five or thirty thousand colored voters in the state, and they are with few exceptions Republicans.

The legislature of Pennsylvania is spoken of as "Don Cameron's sure thing." The "thing" is said to be solid for him in both houses. A member, being asked what he thought of Don's chances, replied: "His chances! Why, he has none. His are dead certainties. Talk of a walk-over! It will be a gallop, or a crawl, or a jump-over—anything you like to call it." It would not do to call it a bought-over, or anything of that sort, in speaking of this "thing" of Pennsylvania, would it?

Campbell, in his own defense, made a careful and very effective "lunge at the passions" of the court. It was done in so quiet, pathetic, and penitential a style that it showed him a master of the properties and the stage deencies required by a cultivated audience. The court was moved. The gentlemen of the bar were moved. Everybody was moved. Campbell is a great actor. The evidence is strong against him, but we shall be rather surprised if it avails to disbar him from the practice of law in Hamilton county and the state of Ohio.

The eloquent blind statesman of Bellefontaine, Judge West, is faulted for having gone too blind when he orated this at Chicago: "They say we must nominate a man who can carry New York. Name Mr. Blaine, and we can win, with or without New York." It is said now that this was thrown out as a defiance to Arthur and his friends, and intended to put them on their disaffection and punish them for it afterward. It may be. There have been occasions when, if West's blindness had spread over his mouth a little, it would have been better for the party and himself too.

The commercial and financial condition of Springfield compares very favorably with that of her sister cities. We know of no town, large or small, that has fewer suspensions or failures in proportion to size; and few towns have a smaller number of vacant business houses or residences or a smaller proportion of destitute people; and we are quite sure that no town more generously provides for its own poor than does Springfield.

The promptness and liberality of Springfield people in response to cries of distress, whether from within our own limits or from abroad, have become proverbial. Springfield has had her tussle with the general hard times, but she has kept a firm upper lip, and has made the best of her circumstances and opportunities; and she will continue to maintain and illustrate "the same."

CLEAN UP!
The sanitary condition of the city calls for extraordinary effort from the city authorities. Our streets and the premises of citizens should be cleaned and kept clean as a sanitary precaution—a safeguard against diseases, endemic and epidemic, the coming season. This work should be taken in hand at once, and we should have two sanitary marshals instead of one—Mr. R. F. Gelwick, who is discharging his duties faithfully, but who cannot cover the whole ground.

There are certain portions of the city which are now very filthy, and which will certainly breed pestilence if they are allowed to remain so until spring. The health officers should visit the cellars of private houses, as well as private grounds, and procure the removal of all filth, and give directions for the proper disposal of all refuse matter.

Thoroughly to cleanse the city will require the labor of quite a large number of men; and just now there are many unemployed persons who need work, and who would be glad of an opportunity of doing what is required.

Ammoniated Bread.

Ammoniated baking powders—that is, baking powders in which carbonate of ammonia is used instead of soda—are given as an example of ammonia when heated—classified by many eminent physicians and sanitarians as superior to all others. Professor Hassell, of London, who is recognized as the highest authority on the subject of food hygiene, considers it the most dangerous use of carbonate of ammonia as a leavening agent, stating its great advantage to be, in its perfect volatility, which permits it to be, by the heat of baking, entirely thrown into leaving gas whereby the bread is raised. The experiment with heat would seem to indicate the superior, not the inferior, value of such baking powder. The little heat that is imparted to it when held over a gas jet, lamp, or stove, suffices to resolve the carbonate of ammonia into leavening gas and throw it off. The first heat of baking, therefore, will effectively develop all the gas, thoroughly leaven the loaf, and dissipate the gas-producing ingredients of the powder of this kind; and this is the highest test of a perfect baking powder. Where other alkalies alone are used they are not infrequently retained, unresolved, through the whole process of baking, and remain an unwholesome ingredient in the finished bread. The carbonate of ammonia cannot be used as a substitute for cream of tartar.—N. Y. Weekly Tribune.

A Christmas Message.

It was Christmas eve. The streets were full of people all rushing homeward with packages in their hands, some were carrying their turkey feet sticking out like weapons of defense. One man had a little rocking-horse, and another a drum, while a woman toiled along with a go-cart big enough for her crippled child, and a little girl carried a high-chair between them. They were going to have it at the breakfast table in the morning for their beautiful baby.

One whole family, mother, father and children, were hurrying up the avenue with their wadded furs. They were all a little anxious.

"Grandpa will be so lonesome," the children said.

"I expected to be at home an hour sooner," the mother said. "I know Christmas eve must be a lonely time for father. I wish it used to be for me after poor Sam was gone."

"Turkey-to-morrow," chimed in the brave boy of six, who was almost lost in a small forest of celery he was carrying.

"An plum pudding!" an "cranberry sauce," echoed his little sister.

"I've got grandpa's present," said Rob, the "big brother" of nine years.

"He'll be lookin' out'n the window an' sayin' what keeps them children so long," said his little pet, Barbara.

"He'll be lonely," sighed his daughter, hurrying the group as she spoke.

Was grandpa lonely—let us see. He was an old, old man, with thin, shrunken cheeks, a back bowed by care and trouble and with long, floating locks of dull white hair that was as fine as silk. He had drawn his armchair in front of the window so that he could see the "children" when they came across under the street lamp, which was lighted so early that it shone like a taper in the glow of red atmospheric light from a setting sun, and a young moon blended with the fading daylight. The old man fixed his eyes on the struggling light, but they wavered from that and sought the sky, where—

In the dim and distant ether. And another and another. And another and another. And another and another.

Soon he had unseen company, and was no longer lonely. A sweet, young face, radiant with the bloom of immortality, and that light which never was on sea or land, came close to his, and he could feel the very thrill of her kisses on his dull cheek. The light brought him his first-born, that lovely babe—his first and only son. Then two children were at his knee, and the young mother lay with a sweet smile on her lips, where the weary are at rest. But he only saw his boy and girl, dear boy—now a merry youth—then the helmet of a soldier shading his frank, blue eyes—then a soldier's record, promotion—the epaulettes of a brave officer, and so proud to wear them and have his father walking with him, and hearing how he fought the battle and won, and what he meant to do when the war was over.

"And they had unseen company. To make the spirit quiet."

But they knew it not, and the proud young rider rode away to his death on that dreadful battlefield from which he never returned.

The old man saw the troops in the sky, he saw their gay banners, he saw his son—the General—proud, handsome, unspoiled by the admiration of a world—he saw—ah, Heaven! he saw him dying alone on the field of battle, and it was Christmas eve. No hand to give him even a drink of water, to raise that beloved head, to wipe the death foam from the pallid lips, only the pitiless stars and the cold moon to note his dying agonies.

But stay. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." His peace passeth all understanding. Who knows that he died alone? Who can deny that his young mother leaned over him and whispered words of sweetest comfort—that the pain and memory and longing of earth were swallowed up and forgotten in the foreshadowing of the bliss of Paradise.

The sky changed; the old man saw only the tinted field of Heaven. A chime of bells rung out soft and clear: "Light on thy little Jerusalem."

But what is this? A child's light again—a child with radiant brow, crowned with a wreath of immortelles, and above his head a bright and shining star.

"The star that shines on Bethlehem. Shines still and shall not cease!"

"Grandpa, grandpa! Wake up, grandpa," cried the children.

"Drum, I've got sumthin' for 'ou," said pet Barbara.

Then the children all went crying to their mother and said they could not wake grandpa.

In every household we would strongly urge the Christmas decorations. There is much pleasure in united home work. Where all are interested and busy there is sure to be happiness. We always trim with fir or hemlock. For some things the double fir—we call it so—is better. Cedar and the trailing evergreen are pretty when they are first arranged, but soon look dry and faded, while the hemlock will remain bright and glossy as long as we care for it, giving us no trouble about shedding its leaves.

We make sure of our branches, or trees, some two weeks before Christmas. The first thoroughly stormy evening—enough to secure us from interruption—we take our miniature forest into the kitchen. Does Bridget care? Not she, indeed. The enthusiasm is contagious, and she works with the rest of us. She, with some of the children, snip the pieces of hemlock for more deft fingers to arrange. We cut the pieces for trimming about a good end of a yard long; that gives us a good end, and a tiny branch on either side. We trim with evergreen, the pieces, holding the stem, the foliage hanging down; then we place another piece upon that, making it look like a vine as much as possible. We need yards of trimming made in like manner, securing each twig by winding firmly with cotton yarn. In festooning the trimming over an arch we should use two separate pieces, making

each less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year tops, looks, and frames, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save, and whenever practicable, put in good repair all outgrown clothing; to beg nothing from any source, but to keep as the key-stone of the club the word "GIVE," to pay every year a tax of one penny, and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

Holiday Items.

It is an old saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and is very applicable to holiday purchases.

The wise select their Christmas presents before the stocks are cleared; the unwise wait until the rush, and then take the cullings.

During the holidays the happiest boy in Christendom will be the one who got a sled and a pair of skates on Christmas—if there isn't any snow or ice.

In buying Christmas presents, it is better for your peace of mind to take the first thing that strikes your fancy, rather than to look for something else. To hesitate is to be lost.

On Christmas day the happy urehlin of 2 will roll around on the nursery floor, and break the yellow legs off the purple camel, and get sick from chewing too hard on his green head.

It is said that \$300,000 is annually expended in Christmas cards in this country. The Christmas card for 10 cents beats a \$5 Christmas present all to flinders—from the giver's standpoint.—Hartford Post.

The Universal Christmas Feast.

It would have been a wild prediction of the optimist three centuries ago that the Christmas feast would, on one day in the year everybody in Christendom would have a good dinner. And yet it is almost realized. The gospel of humanity has almost reached the point. It is perhaps a wasteful and excessive mode of showing our humanity, but this is a good thing about it, that the feasibility of accomplishing it on one day will suggest the possibility of making at least decent dinners more common to people generally, and that when a man has once tasted the pleasure of a good dinner, he is inclined to do so more often.

We know by statistics that there is food enough to satisfy everybody if it were properly distributed, and the less food that is distributed one day is a most important one. The danger of course is that it is human nature to depend upon charity when once charity is accepted, and so to lose the independence. But the beauty of Christmas is in the presentment of common humanity and common dependence on something beyond humanity, and the charity of it is not a condescension that can puff anybody up or hurt any man's pride, but a diffused good-feeling, and when it is diffused in the common feeling of all sorts and conditions of men.

Here in the United States it is literally of all sorts and colors, a comingling of people under one privilege as absolutely unparalleled. And to enjoy the Christmas of humanity we are not required to eat in a manner, or to have more than we are required to have the same sort of food. The plantation negro with 'possum fat and 'coon (brown cracklin' and 'gravy—go 'way chile!) is just as much alive to the denizens with his traditional roast beef and plum-pudding. We have learned by the hard discipline of a new country that we can make a very thankful meal for the day out of wild turkey and canvas-back ducks, flanked by a good assortment of appropriate accompaniments. People can get used to anything if they only have the right spirit.

Indeed, it has been said that it is not so much what we eat on Christmas day as what we give away that raises our spirits; but this is to be understood within limits, for it cannot be denied that there is such a thing as universal hunger on Christmas day that will not be allayed any more in the case of a rich man than a poor man by the remembrance of a good deed warmed over. But the best sauce to a good dinner is the thought that nobody else within reach is hungry. And better even than the dinner of the 'day is the universal spirit of good-will that broadens year by year, and deepens, we are sure. The drawer has not intended to make a homily by way of accompaniment to anybody's repast, and is satisfied if it can send a light ripple of laughter round the world.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for December.

How a Christmas Club was Formed.

We reprint from the Christmas St. Nicholas, the following account of the formation at Portland, Me., of a children's Christmas club, which gave a Christmas-tree and dinner to six hundred poor children of that city.

A number of notes were written asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city to meet at a certain house at five o'clock, on the following Thursday afternoon.

Did they come? Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas; but they came: came in pairs, in trios, in quartets and quintets—a whole squad from the Butler school; big boys with big hearts, were tots, only four years old from the kindergarten; and some hundred children ready for anything.

Oh, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club.

A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful. She spoke of their Christmas festivities every year, of their presents and their friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys.

Then she asked: "Does anyone here want to do anything for these others?" the thought that they could do anything was new to almost all—to many even the wish was new; but like one great heart-throb came their answer: "Yes! Yes! I want to do something."

A pause, and then one little voice cried: "Give 'em a cent!"

That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another: "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a coat!"—such beginning with that grand word "Give."

The result of that meeting was this: To form a club which should last "forever"; to call it "The Children's Christmas Club"; to have for its motto: "Every year to give to these others"; to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich"; to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy who entered sixteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children

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Getting Himself Into Condition.

A young lady visitor called at a residence in the absence of the family. As she turned to go unceremoniously sounds issued from the basement.

"What in the name of heaven is that?" she asked of the servant who had opened the door.

"That's poor Willyum, mum. Is he crazy?"

"No, mum. He says, Willyum is the hall footman, mum, and he's to stand in front of the wall all day in statelike silence, an' every thyrin' to his nervous system it is indade, mum. So when he's off duty, an' the family is out, he has his narves to a normal condition by screamin' an' yellin', mum."

Somebody who alleges he has made the count says that music is mentioned just 165 times in the Old Testament.



BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nervous system.

For Interfering Femur, Latissimus, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.

Be genuine. Has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



MISHER'S HERB BITTERS.

It is the best remedy for Kidney and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Cramp in the Stomach, Indigestion, Malaria, Periodical Complaints, etc. As a Blood Purifier, it has no equal. It tones the system, strengthening, invigorating and giving new life.

The late Judge Hayes, of Lancaster Co., Pa., an able jurist and an honored citizen, once wrote: "Misher's Herb Bitters is very widely known, and has acquired a great reputation for medicinal and curative properties. I have used myself and in my family several bottles, and I am satisfied that the reputation is not undeserved."

MISHER'S HERB BITTERS CO.,
625 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails.

WATCH THE KIDNEYS.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. You can thoroughly protect the Kidneys by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and when any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by this best of all medicines for the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are sold everywhere at \$1 per bottle, and one bottle will prove their efficacy.

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1885.

On an after January 1st, 1885, we shall sell Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods of every description for LESS MONEY than you can buy them elsewhere.

HANCE & CO.,
14 West Main St.

"What turkey?"

"Why, last evenin' a cutter driv up to the door and a high-toned lady sent in a seven-pound turkey by the driver. He said it was Kris Kringle, or jing-jangle, or some such thing meant to make poor folks happy. Then the trouble began."

"How?"

"Why, dad wanted to trade it for beer and ma'm wanted to trade it for candy, and us young 'uns wanted it whole. We had a row, and the turkey was hung up for a Christmas dinner."

"Well?"

"Well, this mornin' some of us wanted it biled and some baked, and we had another shindy. When we decided to bake it ma'm went out to buy stuffin' and lost a turkey. Then dad went out to buy stuffin' an' come home drivin' a turkey. Then ma'm borrowed some crackers an' got trusted for some oysters, an' the turkey was stuffin'."

"Then, what?"

"Then we couldn't git up fire 'nuff in the old stove to bake it, and we hadn't no platter to put it on, and there wasn't 'nuff dishes and cheers fur us all to nodd at the fust table, and dad chopped his hand in tryin' to carve it, and when he kicked the table over and left the house he was mad. I reckon this chow was got a black eye, and dad sunthin to dad about Merry Christmas, and I reckon dad didn't wait two seconds before he hit him."

"And where is the turkey?"

"Dunno. Reckon the dog has got it. Ma'm she's gone for the river to drown herself, and he's locked up, an' the children are home havin', and I feel like runnin' away an' goin' to Buffalo. If another Kris Kringle strikes our shanty, we might as well let the fire go out and freeze to death in a decent manner."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

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